

AIDA-WEDO  
AL-UZZA  
AMATERASU  
ANAT  
APHRODITE  
ARIADNE  
ARIANRHOD  
ARTEMIS  
ARYONG JONG  
ATHENA  
BENZAITEN  
BLODEUWEDD  
BRIDE  
THE CAILLEACH  
CERES  
CERRIDWEN  
HALCHIUHTLICUE  
CH'ANG Ö  
COYOLXAUHQUI  
DANU  
DIANA  
ERZULIE  
FAERIE  
FREYJA  
GAEA  
GANGA  
GREEN TARA  
GWENHWYFAR  
HATHOR  
HEKATE  
HEL  
HERA  
HO HSIEN-KU  
IDUN  
INANNA  
ISHTAR  
ISIS  
ITZPAPALOTL  
KALI  
KAMRUSEPAS  
KELAENO  
KIRKE  
KORE  
KWAN YIN  
KYBELE  
LAVERNA  
LILITH  
MACHA  
MAMAN BRUIT  
MEDUSA  
MELAINA  
MOMOY  
MORGANA  
NEKHBET  
NU KUA  
NUT  
NYX  
OSHUN  
OYA  
PELE  
POMONA  
RHIANNON  
SEDNA  
SEKHMET  
SELENE  
SENGEN  
SHEILA-NA-GIG  
SIBYL  
SIF  
SKULD  
SOL  
SOPHIA  
SRI LAKSHMI  
TLAZOLTEOTL  
UMA  
VANTH  
VESTA  
VIVIAN  
WHITE TARA  
XOCHICUEZTAL  
YEMAYA  
YHI

Many tales have been forgotten about me. But the bones remain, and remain true.

I am the Great High Queen of both this World and the Other, for they are overlaid one upon the next. I am the black and bounteous earth, the green meadow that feeds the foal, the shaded pool, the cave hidden within the hill. I am the White Mare cut from the chalk whose blessings bring fertility of field, animal, and woman, and my birds sing over the West of the seasons of sleep and waking, of death and life. I am the bone-white Mother of Spirits, to whom all return in time; and I am She who places the soul-seed in the womb of a new mother to be re-birthed.

But the bones may fall in many ways.

I am the White Queen who embodies the sovereignty of the Land, and without my blessing no King may rule. My consort is surnamed Roar of the Sea, for the Ocean embraces this Island as a husband his wife. My Son is born to me between the Realms; he is the first ruler of this land, and this, at least, is remembered within this Island's name even now.

But the bones may be read in many ways.

I am a Queen of Men in her shame and pain, falsely accused of killing my own child. The world between has taken my infant son, and in their fear and faithlessness I am convicted of his death, though I am innocent. As my punishment I am made to sit beside the mounting-block by the front gate, and ask all who come by if they would mount me like a mare, for I must carry them into the castle on my hands and knees if they will. After some years, my son is found and returned to me; he had been left with a lord, exchanged for a foal from his stable.

But even in this telling the bones may be discerned.

For though they have forgotten it, the Mare is still mine; and foal and boy are equally my children. I am still Mother and Queen; and that realm between death and birth, sleeping and waking is my own. Though they do not remember it, I do.

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